



Eastwood Gazette



EASTWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, EDMONTON

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FRIDAY, JUNE 10th, 1932

Price 5 Cents

EASTWOOD'S CHIEF PRODUCT

THE GRADUATING CLASS, 1932

TURNING away from the joys of high school days, the graduating class of 1932 are about to complete four strenuous but pleasant years of sojourn at Eastwood. They will be entering a new sphere of life and will be facing new problems. As they leave we hope it will always be said of them that they honored the old school and lived up to its best traditions.

The graduates are going into various activities on leaving High School. Some are entering Normal or Varsity, others are planning to attend Commercial with a view to entering the business world, and still others are about to train in the nursing profession. But wherever they may go, they will always have pleasant recollections of their experiences at High School. Though they may be leaving its halls, possibly never to see them again, yet they will think often of their school and have a lasting interest in its affairs. We wish them all the best that Mother Fortune has for them, and hope that they will get as much pleasure out of their new life as they have had out of their High School days.

Handwritten signatures and notes at the bottom right of the page.

TO THE GRADUATES OF 1932

Mr. Leaver puts on his seven-league spectacles and looks far into the future.

In the summer, parent robins drive their young from out the nest,
Teaching them to find a living, in the way that they know best;
In the summer Eastwood High School drives its fledglings far away,
Bidding them go practise living, for they can no longer stay.
Other nestlings wait instruction, other pupils come along,
Crowding in among the classrooms, in the halls a noisy throng.
What reward for earnest teachers, is there guerdon for the toil?
In the future of the student, will he bloom in other soil?
So we scan the dim horizon, thread the streaks of coming dawn;
See the boy grow up in manhood, as the deer from last year's fawn;
See the girl now prove a woman, full of hope and earnest zeal,
Blooming as an Eastwood product, ready for the woe or weal.

* * * *

There is Elsie teaching pupils, three and three are always six,
Oh the wearisome instruction, 'nough to send one to the Styx.
On the farm of many acres, Lillian ploughs her furrow straight,
Chores from sunrise unto sunset, never time to make a date;
And her neighbor Norma fashions, in her own accustomed way,
Trails that flash along the star-path, for as Burns she's passed away;
Shall we write of Howard Barker, simply passive in the class,
Now he works for Bear Lake Air-Ways, times the aeroplanes that
pass;

Oh the Bell that sounds so gently, downy words that lightly say,
"I have done my best, so take it, sure it is the easiest way."

Biddy Carr is just as rosy, as she was in days of yore,
Lightly springing o'er Life's roughness, crying out to Sorrow, "Fore."

Lester Erwin, what a pity, he had no desire for books,
Now he rents a hotel cloak-room, Knight of hangers and of hooks.

Little Julia forges onward, Varsity has claimed her worth,
She devours the book she studies, if the book be one of girth.

Hamill scarcely fills his office, he advises radio fans,
Tests the tubes for Forest-Crossley, fashions batteries in cans;

Ivor is a city policeman, traffic cop with whistle shrill,
You can hear him up in Norwood, for he blows it with a will;

Rose is such a blooming student, hybrid always will she be,
For she thinks a Rose will blossom, best upon a Chemis-Tree.

Margaret Leslie likes her coffee, she's a taster in the Bay,
Breakfast coffee, rich and fragrant, as the taster, so they say.

Alma is a little handful, quite a Lott when out of tune,
Yet she's Alma always to us, though her lot be lost in June;

Then there's Mary darkly studious, charges problems with the lance,
On a nightmare riding fiercely, books obstruct the world's advance;

Kathleen has a roving nature, looking out for kingdoms new,
She will find her future kingdom, in the region of the blue;

As for Glenna, there's a coughdrop, quite an antidote for Flu,
Calmly plodding to her haven, which she better knows than you;

Curly is an importation, from Strathcona's awful fane,
Came as Grace to stay among us, and as Grace she did remain;

Marion is a sturdy teacher, in Leduc she found a post,
Trains the ducks to quack and warble, you can taste it in the roast;

Alan is a Movie Usher, brave in uniform and pose,
All the polish on his buttons, save a little on his nose;

Nikipilo is a farmer, pigs and sheep his special line,
He just loves to cure his bacon, keeps a special brand of brine;

Here's a Fay that's not a fairy, she's too chubby for the role,
You will find her in an office, handing out relief and dole;

Mike has found a new invention for the modern packing-plant,
As a chemist works on perfumes, makes them smell more elegant.

What of Sadie, yes she's teaching, in her leisure trains a choir,
Plays her golf and hunts for chicken, all the fun one would require;

But there's Margaret Reid the solemn, you will find her as a nurse,
Giving medicine for patients, pills in vinegar or worse;

John Riddell finds life a problem, all things come to him by chance,
He is always moving onward, on a backward circumstance;

Schafer has a mind just busy, on a money-making show,
Turning nickles into quarters, so the currency should flow;
Then Elaine the brunette damsel, not high up in Astolat,
Seller-wise, she worketh lowly, runs a bock on modern chat;
Harry drives a motor lorry, carries freight for Dench & Co.,
Like a Jehu driveth boldly, as the drivers in the show;
We have Walter, not a roller, nor a killer of two birds,
Brail he sells across the prairie, he's a taste for feeling words;
Janet Sheldon still is smiling, she's a nurse for body ills,
Cures the dumb and deaf by smiling, for her smile's as good as pills;
What of Will the stolid farmer, will he have a future too,
He's a cream and butter expert, cows provide him lots to do;
Wesley is a Nimrod surely, we have mentioned him before,
He will shoot you deer and moose meat, all the ladies like his roar;
Gordon Watt, well he's a puzzle, we did write of him last year,
Sad it is to tell the story, Gordon has no pep we fear;
Westlund has a store in market, he's an eye for ready gain,
For as Ernest he is earnest, making hay before the rain;
David is a real Goliath, sling and harp he treasures still
Charms his prey with pleasant music, but he has no wish to kill;
Helen, stalwart, bright and airy, with a sweetness all her own,
In her quiver feathered arrows, in the place of arrows flown;
As for Elma, we can see her, battling with the brutal times,
Ringing in the years that shall be, like the deep cathedral chimes.
Dot the daring missionary, up among the Eskimo,
Not as Warring, but peacemaker, showing them the way to go;
Lastly Marguerite called Peggy, she's the last in Twenty-one,
So demure, and slim, and graceful, life to her is quiet fun.

* * * *

Now here is a room full of remnants and ends,
Not shop-worn or soiled, but just parting of friends;
They learn their own Latin, pursue the sign X,
Work Chemistry formulae, and angles reflex;
Enough of apology, this is the theme:
That Room Twenty-three finds that school is a dream;
As Carton was numbered who went to the knife,
This room is so numbered, prepare for the strife.

* * * *

Now Mary called Bacon is bonny and gay,
She types for a doctor, looks after his pay;
And Rose has a hunch she would do as a nurse,
Administer poison when patients get worse;
But Albert is keen as the edge of a dirk,
At shuffling and dodging the jobs he can shirk;
Sure Myrtle is winning her way to the fore,
Has got one degree, and is looking for more;
And Zoria is helping a dentist with teeth,
Has many odd roots she would like to bequeath;
Then Josephine spins like a feather at play,
Goes up in a whirl, and comes down the next day;
And Harry called Hubbard, well, 'tis a sad tale,
Gets the grain from his books by using a flail;
Pearl Hutton's a diamond, with facets of seven,
She cuts her own sky-lights, and gets knowledge from heaven;
While Miroslaw wrestles with thoroughbred pigs,
And reads them the funnies on Maggie and Jiggs;
Mike Kully's a farmer, not in with the Peol.
He has a prize rooster, and thoroughbred bull;
And Maida's a damsel who blinks at the moon,
And plies her soft orbit from morning to noon;
Sure Mary is mettled, a maid most electrical,
Her mind is magnetic, will pick up a nickle;
Then Catherine's a storehouse for facts and good sense,
When pins are most precious, she saves them for rents;

To the Graduates of 1932----Continued

A lawyer is William, he's well up in Torts,
But criminal breaches, he uses for sports;
And Roland is made in a delicate mould,
He works in a cage, takes care of the gold;
Then Chrissie is quiet, serene and demure,
As placid as waters that flow by Namur;
And Myers is perennial, budding each year,
No future he'll have apart from us here;
But Nixson the dentist, in the time of the drouth,
No patients he has to look down in the mouth;
Sure Mary's a cook, no recipe floors her,
She'll make a meringue from the flash of Aurora;
Not equal to Rose who can sew and hemstitch,
All the breaches of contract that show the least hitch;
Now Price is a Gordon, not Aberdeen style,
Like brokers, he keeps all his cents under file;
But Mary named Rennie, well, she's a fair maiden,
Who's work's not a burden, she's never well laden;
And Sillars the president, mover of motions,
His work has been rocky, as storms upon oceans,
Now runs as a druggist, sells powders and lotions;
Sure Lawrence appears so quiet and grave,
He works as a mason, carves stones for the grave;
While Joe in between his jokes and his laughs,
Writes rhymes for the stones, and makes epitaphs;
And Frances has cloudland away up in Heaven,
Like Francis of old who sailed out from Devon.
Last Mary we take, her surname is Yates,
Her future is sure on the lap of the Fates.

* * * *

In the cradle of the future, there's a clearer brighter gleam,
When Depression's are discarded in the present wiser dream;
And the Nineteens are possessors of the years that are to be,
Odd may be the nineteen number, but a life's no oddity;
There's a hush on all the future, in the hush the dawn appears,
When remembrance hastens backward, with the thought of ancient fears.

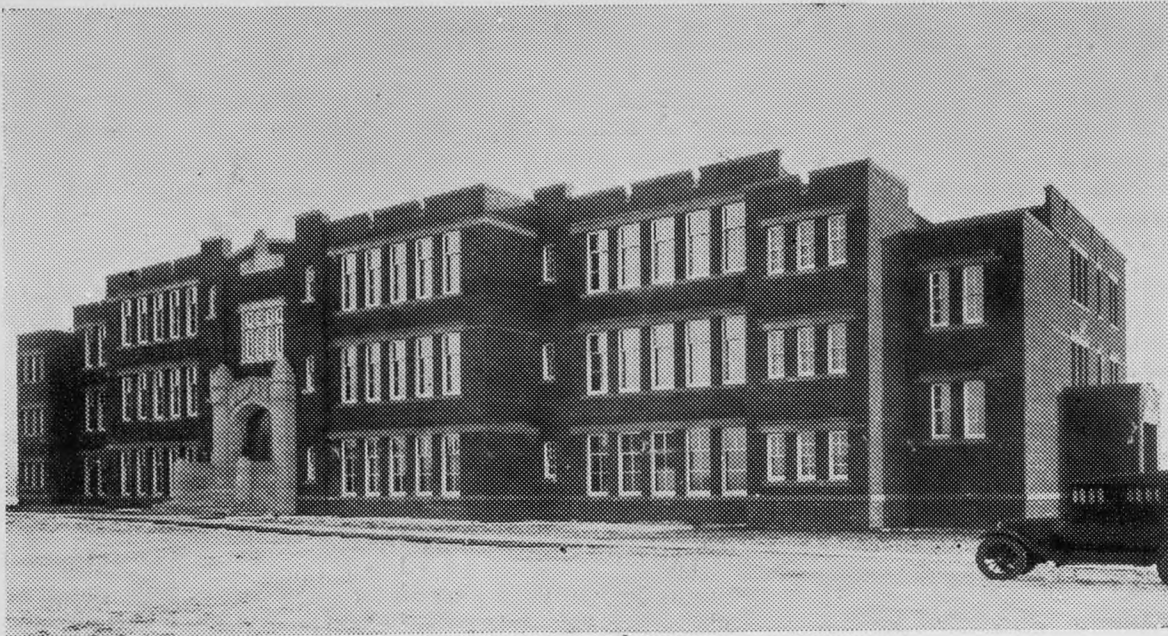
* * * *

Annie Barchyn rattles forward to a long-expected time,
When she'll train a host of children, and be careful of the dime;
And Elizabeth, Sis Campbell, with her Liberty proclaimed,
Brings solutions to all problems, ere the problems have been named;
Charlotte Colwill moves demurely, careful of expected wrong,
Sees the cloud on every venture, doubts the wisdom of the throng;
Goofus has a troubled future, yet she's made to bear the brunt,
For Ruth Evans, born to triumph, puts her courage in the front;
Margaret Grierson, Pete by nickname, dancing on the broad highway,
Makes her life a frolic pastime, and a country schoolroom gay;
Mary Hunter, prim and stately, quiet as a hallowed eve,
Turns her quietude to profit, takes the cash when patients leave;
Martin Goodall for a refill, came to us from Varsity,
Now he's gone to Klondyke goldfields, refilled with geology;
Walter Hindle has a wagon, on the Lesser Slave Lake route,
Now his understanding's larger, he requires a larger boot;
Hughes, called Tom, or is it Ivor, I have dealt with him elsewhere,
Druggist is he near the market, hears the whistle anywhere;
Harry Leitch is with a circus, trains the ponies for the show,
Holds the hoops through which the ladies leap as 'round the ring they go;
Thomas Madsen, oh, so solemn, a mechanic, so they say,
Tunes the engine of a Ford car, so it purrs the Lincoln way;
What of Oswald, surnamed Manning, he's a civil engineer,
Rattles on through Fortune's byways, with his engineering gear;
As for Blake the brawny Scotsman, Lauder can't with him compare,
When he tunes in on the Highlands, you can smell the Scottish air;
Cecil has a taste for letters, Swift and Burns his special joy,
Not the packers, but the poets, Pepper is a pie-ous boy;

Wilfred Robertson has mettle, flies an aeroplane 'tis said,
Brings uranium down from Bear Lake, when he gets it here 'tis lead;
Sinclair has a taste for classics, he is now in Varsity,
Thinks in terms of Latin sequence, amans after amity;
Howard Smith, sedate and thoughtful, has a hobby in the van,
Wants someone to earn his living, so he makes a Robot man;
Snyder has an eye for money, makes the spots for dominoes,
Knows that brains are just a burden, blanks are holidays he knows;
Alex Taylor, forging onward, to a medicine degree,
Gives us joy to see him crowned, with a glorious M.D.
Nora Preston, docile always, keeps a store at Seba Beach,
Ice cream cones her special bounty, double cones for those who teach;
Doreen is a full-fledged teacher, quiet always and serene,
Studious girl when study's pleasing, but when dull, she's not so keen.
Helen Molofee the wary, has her greatest rapture here,
Now she moves in farming circles, drawing tangents far and near;
Iriene Roper bounteous always, rich in all persuasive parts,
Has a wish to use the scalpel, wants to probe around men's hearts;
Betty Smith the winsome maiden, has a world that's out of doors,
Scorns the life that's wholly laden, with the task of doing chores;
Bernice York is tall and graceful, learns electrical massage,
Waves her arms like army signals, massaging a dim mirage.
Garnet Badger sure he burrows, where the deepest knowledge lies,
Finds a gum that's not for chewing, uses it for catching flies;
Brink the gay lord, waking early, as a doctor kills the pain,
Makes a remedy for pimples, so they will not come again;
Clifford Clark, how should he prosper, never will he fire the world,
All his kindling green as shamrock, in the Irish flag unfurled;
Colville is a hockey player, life to him is just a game,
For the puck's a great attraction, not the puck of Shakespeare fame;
Cresswell, well, the world's his oyster, he expects a pearly time,
Sweet it is to stay at Eastwood, always figure in our rhyme;
Arthur has a doubtful prospect, his horizon is in view,
Where the shadow meets the tie-line, up above 'tis always blue;
There's our prodigy, young Evans, with his comet-like advance,
Pegasus ne'er had such burden, or the sky-path such a dance;
Bill is now a great inventor, plumbing fixtures are his line,
Bath-tubs, wash-bowls, taps and drain-pipes, he will mend them while you dine;
Phyllis Mullen, school Minerva, vitamins upon her shield,
Mental diet, brainy culture, nourishment from books revealed;
Mildred Nelson, coy and thoughtful, weaves a fringe of richest shade,
On the drab and sordid texture of a happiness delayed;
Bubs with mild explosive girlhood, scans her cloudland far away,
Shapes a future with her mother, writes for papers day by day.
Mary Onyschuk keeps chickens, incubators are her pride,
Life to her is something extra, eggs are freshest when they're fried;
Bernard Wagner boosts the sale price of a stock that's over wet,
Turns it into watery dollars, moistened at an office jet.
Milton is a ruddy farmer, has a binder thoroughbred,
Sure its pedigree is written on the bolts in flaming red.

EASTWOOD WINS SECOND PLACE IN DRILL COMPETITION

Dropping down slightly on the record maintained for the past few years Eastwood came second in the list for drill inspection. However, the boys did work which is worthy of high praise. Minus the guidance of the Grade XII boys the three junior grades carried on very well. Much credit is due to the instructor so ably given by Mr. Greenlees and also to the officers who worked so hard to bring their squads up to par. Inspection day saw more mosquitoes than boys on the field, but despite this handicap the boys came well up in the contest.



EASTWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

E. E. HYDE, Principal.

When school opened last September and I found myself facing five hundred and fifty pupils, the task of organizing them into workable classes came near appalling me. Mr. McKee, our Superintendent, had planned to eliminate the class in the hall when the Spruce Avenue Grade IX classes were opened. Some forty to fifty students who would otherwise have come to Eastwood were accommodated there, but we were still faced with twenty pupils more than in the previous term, and had one teacher less with which to take care of them. After two weeks of uncertainty it was decided that the hall would have to be used again as a classroom, and Miss Gimby, who had been appointed to the Oliver School staff, returned to Eastwood.

Good traditions in a school are among the most valuable aids in education. They are hard to establish, and not easy to maintain in the changing personnel of a student body; but I believe that they are well worth the effort spent on them by pupils and teachers. During the five years of its existence, our school community had earned a reputation for honest study, and for a type of conduct that showed mutual consideration and individual self-respect. Visitors to the school have paid special tribute to the latter fact. One inspector put it this way some years ago: "They conduct themselves," he said, "as students in a high school ought to conduct themselves." Which doesn't leave much to be desired in the way of a compliment, since the speaker has abundant opportunity for comparison, and does not usually say more than he means. It was my chief fear at the beginning of the term, that crowded classes and congested halls would break down these standards of conduct and effort. But the school has borne the strain very well indeed. Selfish, inconsiderate acts seem to

me to have been no more frequent this year than in the past, and study seems quite as energetic and general as usual just before examinations.

There have been no monthly literary meetings this year. We have all missed the feeling of unity and pride that comes from having the whole school assembled in one group. But thanks to the energy and ability of our editor, Iriene Roper, and her assistants, Janet Watson and Arthur Hall, we have had school news and views available in printed form. The *Eastwood Gazette* has served the school especially well in meeting the lack caused by the loss of our literary meetings. To the Business Manager, Norman Grant, and to David Wright, who assisted him, go much credit for securing the advertising with which to finance our paper.

Besides the school paper, this year has seen the opening of a new rink on the tennis courts. Boys and girls both have had opportunity to play hockey at noon and after four, and this opportunity has been enjoyed to the full.

There is a regrettable tendency to emphasize too much the winning of games. The champion on Field Day, the winning teams in hockey, football and baseball receive so much attention that we often lose sight of the essential object of these activities. Sport and games should be enjoyed. If they are not, they fail in their main purpose. Probably Eastwood students have secured more enjoyment from their sports this year, than they have in any past season. Last year an inter-class league in Association Football played a number of interesting and keenly-contested games. A good many boys took part in these, and spectators developed considerable noisy enthusiasm at times. Softball has made a wide appeal so that on our playground

it is often impossible to find even the limited space necessary to indulge in this game. In the winter the hockey rink was in use whenever weather or classroom duties did not prevent.

The number of social events in the school has not been large, but what these lacked in numbers, they made up in excellence. The tea for the mothers of Grade XI and XII students was a very successful affair. The Graduation Dance set a mark that will be hard to surpass in years to come, and the program at the school concert gave pleasure to all who attended.

No summary of the year's work would be complete without a word of appreciation to the staff. The extra curricular activities have been shared among them, and the willing, capable direction given in these has done much to enrich the life of the school. It is especially praiseworthy in view of the burden of large classes. The school standards of conduct and effort originate largely with our teachers, and the task of maintaining these standards would be impossible were it not for their energy, good sense, and mutual support.

A word of good cheer and goodbye to the graduating class. I like the original form of good-bye—"God be wi ye." For a year you have been in many ways the epitome of your school. The boys and girls of other grades have looked up to you and copied you—and whether you like it or not—have learned from your speech and example. I hope you have had a good year—and that the results of the June examinations won't spoil it. For the future, we wish you courage and strength for life's efforts, the humour to enjoy its variety, and the spirit to love your neighbour as yourself. In Russian our wish would be, "Go with God"; in French, "A Dieu."

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GIRLS' ACTIVITIES

Sports

This year the competition at the track meets, held on September 18 and 25, was particularly keen, and some of Eastwood's best athletes, who had made names for themselves in former years, were forced out of the running. Those who did bring in points for our school were Margaret Grierson, who won third place in Class I, Division 2 of the running broad jump; Helen Bacon, who came third in Class II, Division 3 of the running high jump; Kathryn Banford, who won thirds in both the 100 yard dash and the hurdle in Class I, Division 1; and Ruby Anderson, who finished third in the 100 yard dash for Class II, Division 2.

Basketball at Eastwood has, as usual, been handicapped through lack of accommodation. An attempt to secure the Y.W.C.A. gym for practices during the winter months, as was done last year, was unsuccessful.

Hockey came into its own, however, when for the first time Eastwood had a rink on the school grounds. Under the supervision of Miss Gimby a hockey club was organized with Margaret Grierson as president, and Margaret Leslie as secretary-treasurer, and the girls, efficiently coached by Dave Wright, got in as much practice as possible before the weather moderated.

On Friday, April 22, a swimming party was held at the Y., with Miss Munro as chaperone, and many would-be mermaids enjoyed themselves immensely.

(Continued on Page 8)



Bill Ewachniuk won the admiration of all Eastwood during the past year. Bill won most of Eastwood's points on sport's day, has entered almost all sports of the school year and all around has proven himself to be our outstanding athlete of 1932.

BOYS' SPORTS REVIEW, 1931-32

The annual high school field and track events were held as usual in September. Eastwood athletes made a fair showing in both the jumps and the sprints, but really came into their own in the mile races.

The graduation of outstanding track performers in June, 1931, left many vacancies to be filled. One of these vacancies was ably cared for by Bill Ewachniuk. Bill distinguished himself by amassing a total of twenty-four points to win the individual city championship in Class II, Division 3.

Rugby, the major fall sport, did not have many supporters in Eastwood.

Lack of equipment and suitable playing grounds dampened the ardor of the majority of the students. Activities were confined to punting matches on the school grounds during the week. On Saturday mornings the procedure was varied. Enthusiasts of the pastime met on the Exhibition grounds and chose sides. The experience gained in these matches should produce good material for the coming season.

Replacing rugby for the first time in years, soccer came into its own at Eastwood. Considerable interest was shown in the game. The organization of a house-league brought some 150 boys into active competition. In the games played, Allard, Hedley and B. Smith showed up well among the Grade IX's. In Grades X and XI, A. Grassick, J. Mitchell, H. Horne and A. Southworth turned in good performances. The Grade XII teams played steady ball and demonstrated their ability to dribble, check and control the ball. The playing of the Colville brothers, I. Sillars, H. Smith and B. Ewachniuk was especially worthy of note.

Hockey has always been a popular sport. This year the construction of a school rink gave an added impetus to the game. A well organized house-league gave everyone a chance to play. The school junior team gave a good account of itself. Led by Mac Colville, H. Smith and B. Wagner the team won their first three games. The Christmas academic standing rules, effective on January 16, weakened the

(Continued on Page 8)

GRADUATION DANCE

The annual graduation dance was held in the Highlands school on Saturday, April 30. Much hard work on the part of Elizabeth Campbell and her decoration committee, assisted by Miss Crilley and Miss Gimby, and on the part of the dance committee itself—Frances Smith, Don Elliott, and Graham Bell—made the evening a big success, both socially and financially.

Patronesses of the affair were Mrs. Ottewell, Mrs. Younie, Mrs. Clark and Miss Munro, and the many alumni and friends who returned to renew old acquaintances were introduced at the door by Howard Barker, president of Class '32, and Margaret Grierson, secretary-treasurer. Those who were present are indebted to the graduating class for a very enjoyable evening.

LITERARY SOCIETY MEETS FRIDAY, MAY 27

Students were pleasantly surprised to hear it announced that the literary society was to hold a meeting Friday afternoon. It was a very special occasion, for we have not been able to enjoy the privilege of regular one-hour lits this year. For that reason it was probably more appreciated than ever before.

The special speaker of the afternoon was Col. Jamieson, who gave us an interesting Empire-day talk. Other items were: Piano solos by Julia Gogek and Ruth Williams, a violin solo by Cecil Pepper, and a vocal solo by Victoria Parsons.

STUDENTS' UNION PUTS ON CONCERT ON BEHALF OF GAZETTE

Friday, May 6, a concert was held in the assembly hall of the school. It was, for the most part, made up of school talent. However, Clarence McNeil, as guest artist, entertained us with one of his famous chalk talks; and a number of young people from the Ukrainian Institute helped with a native dance. The crowd was not as large as we had hoped, but considering the number of other events taking place the same evening we were quite satisfied. It was a success as far as finances were concerned; and we believe everyone enjoyed themselves.

ACADEMIC PIN WINNERS

GRADE XII—

Elsie Barton
Phyllis Mullen
Catherine McPherson
Taylor Evans
Alex. Taylor
Harold Snyder

GRADE XI—

Fred Wheatley
Augusta Evans
Douglas Mackay
Dorothy Knight

GRADE X—

Helen Lyons
Alan Bell
Irene Bullock
Margaret Shaw

GRADE IX—

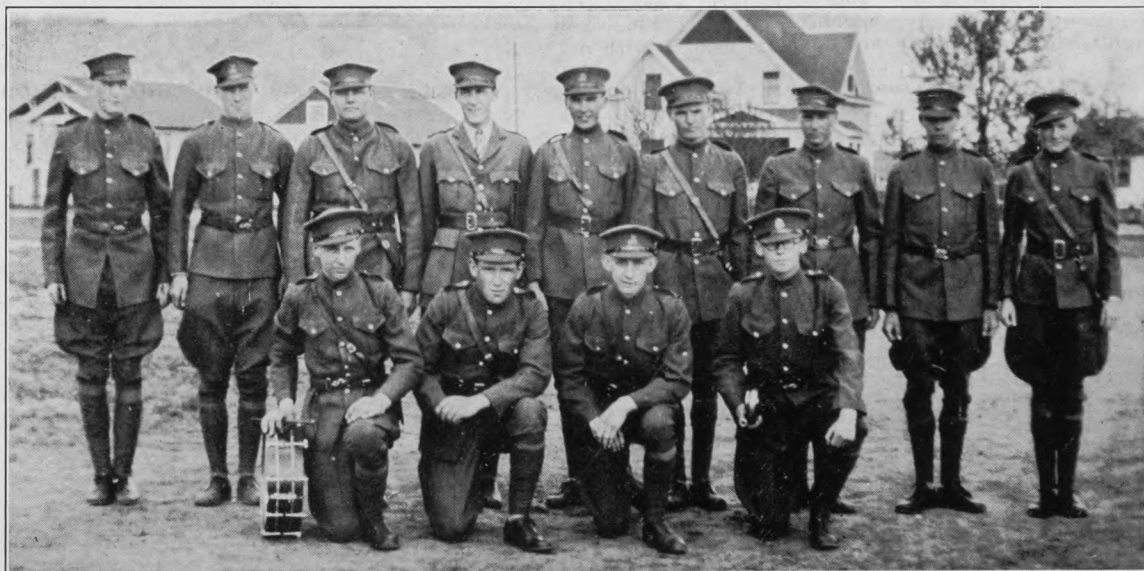
Jack Gent
Shirley Neher
Freda Greenwood
Phyllis Storie

Miss Anderson: Now, Willard, give the principal parts of swim.

Willard Walker: Swim, swam, swum.

Miss Anderson: Dim?

Willard Walker: Dim, d— say are you trying to fool me?



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A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

The Students' Union activities for the year 1931-32 commenced with the election of the members of parliament, one representative from each Grade IX, X, and XI room, with two representatives from each Grade XII. Parliament first met on October 23, when the executive for the coming session was chosen. The officers for the year were:

President, Iain Sillars; Vice-President, Frances Smith; Secretary, Catherine McPherson; Treasurer, Harold Snyder; Editor, Iriene Roper; Assistant Editor, Norman Grant; Girls' Athletic Rep., Gladys Blackwell; Boys' Athletic Rep., Howard Smith.

During the year seventeen executive and parliament meetings were held.

The first problem before parliament was the financing of school activities for the year, two meetings being necessary before the budget was finally passed. The principal source of revenue as usual was the student fees helped out later by a small profit from a skating party. Financial responsibility was assumed for boys' and girls' athletic activities, purchase of monthly magazines, academic pins, etc., and grants to Glee and Tennis Clubs. Owing to the congestion in the school, our regular literary meetings were impossible. To make up for this lack the Union introduced new features in occasional fifteen-minute musicales and in the *Eastwood Gazette*, printed and distributed to the students to keep them conversant with the affairs of the school. The executive also was able to obtain a grant from the school board for the building of a hockey rink.

It is the desire of every executive to accomplish good work for the school during its year of office. We have done our best in the face of serious difficulties and on retiring we wish to take this opportunity of extending our thanks for the support we have received from the students and the staff during the past year. It is our sincere wish that the new parliament and executive of 1932-33 may enjoy the greatest success in their efforts on behalf of Eastwood High.

IAIN SILLARS.

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EASTWOOD GAZETTE

Official Paper of the Students' Union of Eastwood High School

Editor-in-Chief Irene Roper

Associate Editors Janet Watson, Art Hall

Business Staff:

Business Manager Norman Grant

Advertising David Wright

FRIDAY, JUNE 10th, 1932

This is the last issue of the *Gazette* under its present editorship. As the final number, we have attempted to make it more especially for the graduating class. Mr. Leaver's prophecy, we are sure, will give much enjoyment to the class and will be something that they will treasure in years to come, reviving as it will memories of Eastwood friends.

Although the task sometimes has been arduous the staff of the *Gazette* has derived a great deal of pleasure out of the production of our first printed school paper. The appreciation with which the various numbers were received made us feel that we were contributing something of value to the school. As Mr. Hyde has suggested, perhaps it has made up in part for the literary society meetings which we have not been privileged to enjoy. That has been our desire and object in the publication of the *Gazette*.

Of course, this could not have been done without the whole-hearted co-operation of the principal and staff as well as the students themselves. We take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to those who contributed items to the paper, and to Dave Wright and Charlie Schedenuk who gave valuable assistance to our business manager.

As we lay down the editorial pen, we would express the hope that the difficulties under which Eastwood has been carrying on in the past may be corrected in the near future, preferably by the erection of a new modern high school building. Those of us who are members of the graduating class and are about to complete our four years of work in the school, will always have a warm place in our hearts for Eastwood. Though we may be going from it, we will always have a keen interest in its various activities.

May we take this
opportunity to thank

The Eastwood Students and Staff
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LET'S LEFF



Howard Barker: Yes, I looked it over.

Miss Howard: You mean you overlooked it.

* * *

Newspaper Editor: Your story should be at least 200 words shorter.

Writer: Why, it is only 200 words.

N.E.: That's just it.

* * *

Good gracious, Eva, I forgot to shake the bottle before I gave you that medicine.

Don't worry, mother, I'll turn a few handspings.

* * *

Did you have the car out last night?

Cecil Pepper: Yes, Dad. I took some of the boys for a run around.

Well, tell them I've found two of their lipsticks.

* * *

Miss Crilley: Why did they provide the Capitol with a rotunda?

George Robertson: It's a good place for statesmen who like to run around in circles.

* * *

Marie: Did you give Bob any opportunities to propose?

Mabel: Yes, but goodness, I couldn't tell him they were opportunities, could I?

Girls jump at conclusions in leap years.

* * *

Golfer: Terrible links, caddy, terrible!

Caddy: Sorry, sir, these ain't the links—you got off them an hour ago.

* * *

What's the idea of the Greens having French lessons?

They've adopted a French baby and want to understand what it says when it begins to talk.

* * *

Edith Sell: Oh, Dad, I've just discovered that the girl next door has a hat exactly like mine.

Dad: Now, I suppose you'll want me to pay for a new one.

Edith: Well, Dad, that would be cheaper than moving.

* * *

Mr. Leaver: And why should we aim to rise by our own efforts?

Frank Gwartney: 'Cause there's no telling when the alarm clock'll go haywire.

* * *

Ruth Evans: My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture yesterday.

Barbara Nye: How does he look?

Ruth: I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed.

GLEE CLUB

Eastwood has every right this year to be more proud than ever of her Glee Club. The school itself always appreciated the efforts of the Glee Club, but last month the whole province was forced to acknowledge that there was "none better" when our girls carried off the shield in the Junior Girls' Chorus event in the Alberta Musical Festival, and were close seconds in the competition for High School choruses. Much of the credit for this success is due to Mr. Leaver, who has given so unstintingly of his time and energy throughout the whole year, and who so ably led the girls to victory.—H. C.



Mr. Hyde was caught in this pose by our staff photographer on the Highlands course on a recent Saturday p.m.



Blake MacKenzie hurrying out to the editor's home to find out why the paper couldn't be extended so that his contribution could stay in.



An Eastwood teacher (name omitted as an act of courtesy) cooling off after a hard day trying to inject a little knowledge into not very receptive heads.

BOYS' SPORTS REVIEW, 1931-32

(Continued from Page 5)

team considerably. As a result Eastwood lost two straight games to McDougall in the playoff series. The following players took part in league or playoff games: M. Colville, H. Smith, B. Wagner, A. Southworth, M. Joachim, T. Hedley, M. Davis, T. Alard, A. Hamell, B. Smith, G. McMasters, R. White, M. King.

A basketball team organized by I. Sillars and F. Gwartney was a new venture in the sporting life of the school. Once again lack of facilities placed a severe handicap on the players. The team proved its worth by taking two games from the Normal School in a three game series. The players were: I. Sillars, B. Ewachiniuk, G. Watt, L. Laurence, F. Gwartney, O. Manning, H. Snyder, and B. Sheldon.—C. GREENLEES.

GIRLS' ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 4)

One Friday afternoon late in October, the girls of Grades XI and XII held a hike to Victoria Park. The weather was ideal, and a cheery fire was soon blazing on the camp grounds. While supper was being prepared, the girls arranged an impromptu ball game. Later the woods rang, when under the leadership of Margaret Grierson the girls joined in a singsong. A snake dance through the trees followed, and just as it was getting dusk the girls finished with "Auld Lang Syne" and "taps," and then dispersed, voting the hike a great success.—H. C.

Burney Wagner: What would you do if a horse got into your bathtub?

Fred Cresswell: Why, I'd pull the plug out.

MEDALS

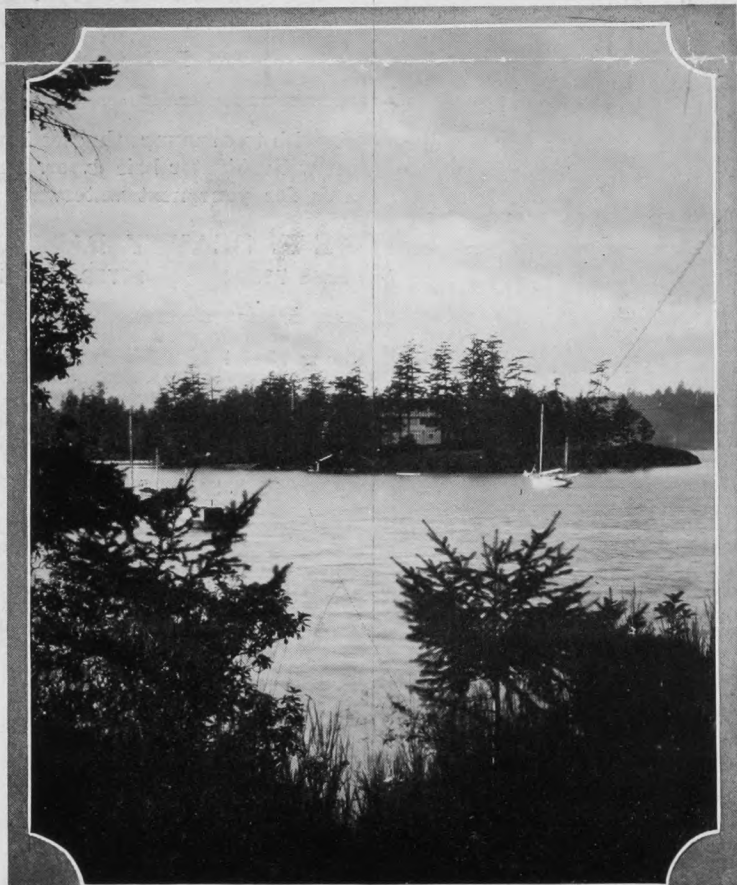
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